

Mid-Winter Session of

ALEPPO TEMPLE

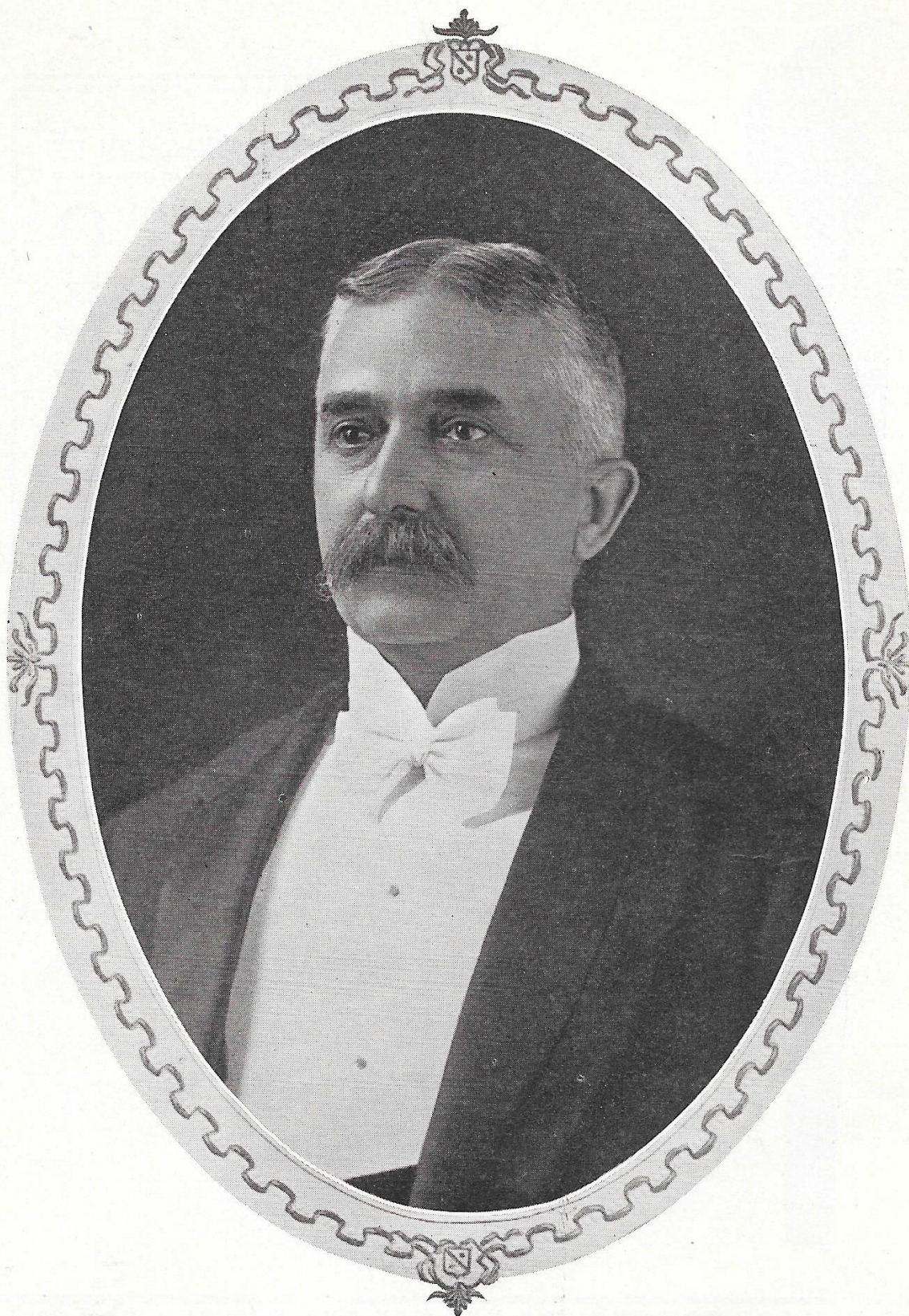
Ancient Arabic Order
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

OASIS OF BOSTON, MASS.



Mechanics Building
Huntington Ave.
Tuesday, February Ninth
Nineteen Hundred and Four





GEORGE H. GREEN
Imperial Potentate

Es Selamu Aleikum

*Sapient,
Urbane and
Astute Nobles:*

Desiderating not to
be ambagious in
the exordial part of
this epistle and
waving all polylogy, I
ANNOUNCE TO YOU

that the SERE WINTER SEASON, the dense umbrosity of the bushet,
the moliminous occasion of the compartation, are conducent to the exsuci-
tation of pietism or epicedian emotions. THEREFORE, secern yourselves
from all ludibrious rabbles, abject your antecedaneous segnitude, and arrayed
in your deft habiliments, bombycinous and unguiculated assemble, pronto
despues the vespertine repast on *Duh'l Kaada, XI Month, 15th Day,*
Hegira 1321, corresponding to



Let them quassate
like Nebuchanezzar
on the

*Verde Gramineous
Gerse*

and glide
with glaubrity over the



*Calid Arena
Anent the
Mosque.*



SOJOURNING

NOBLES: Ye pera-
grating Septs, desist
from your supervacaneous toil and disquietude. Cease
from your irrational calamistrations and join our ludi-
brious revelry and share our Xenodochy. If you refuse
to come you will be in periclitation to suffer relegation
to the inframendane regions, where your quiritations
will be frustranious, and interminable remordency will
excruciate you. Better come. Don't be sphinxy.

Do you not
espy a crisis
in your



Subaстрal Vitality

Depel your lethal incogi-
tancy and accede into the
Stramineous department
paravent the Mosque.



*Tuesday,
Feb. 9, 1904*

prepared to indenizen
the aliens.

Let them morigerate no longer their in-
generate malign propensions, abnegate
their mundanity, and they may yet have
a pregustation of a better existence.

Subsequent to the Synchysis, durdam
and quassation, you will enjoy com-

mensation with Belamies
at a fete, where you may
evince yourselves sapient
deipnosophists and indi-
cate your undivested
thralldom to gastronomy.

Anacephalaeosis

Ceremonial Session and Exercising Candidates, 6.30 p.m.

Dress suit, Fez, Jewel, black shoes, white shirt, childlike and bland smile, clean face.

Business Session and Ballot- ing on Candidates, 6.00 p.m.

A Fez and the same clothes you wear when on the jury.

**ALL Petitions together with
the Requisite Fee, \$25.00**

THE COLOR OF THE CARDS FOR 1904 IS GREEN, emblematical of confidence, and is peculiarly characteristic of U.S. Currency. It is also emblematical of the fact that you will turn *green* with envy and die of jaundice when the Outer Guard "throws you down."

Send the Recorder \$2.00 for 1904 dues, and he will be well pleased to send you a green card.



If you change your address tell the Recorder. He may not object to it, but he would like to know where you live. It will be your loss if he does not know.



MUST be in the hands of the Recorder not later than Tuesday afternoon, February 9th, at 6.00 P.M.

Coffee The multifarious cibarious substances engorged into inane and jejune stomachs during our vernal festivity were extremely nasopoetic on the novices. Their moribific character evinced itself in almost all the organs of their corporeities. In order that no such calamity shall befall us **ON THIS OCCASION**

*The
Traditional
Banquet
will
follow the
Ceremonies*

When all the implements for the transportation of prog from the table to oral apertures will be movent and sonoric.

To the Neophite:

HOW awe-inspiring, how soul-stirring, how mind-o'erwhelming to know one's self the heritor of ages of mystic worship, of æons of physical pain; to inhale the incense of centuries of ador-

Tell your wife you might stay to the banquet and *next time* we hope to be envired by the maximum of sub-celestial felicity if she will condescend to grace our

Festal Board

ation, to bear upon patient shoulders the burden of a yet potent curse! — The Arab says, "Illi umru tabwil bishuff ketir" — He who lives long sees much. Do you accept that whatever seems to be, is not, and that which seems not to be, is? If so, you will certainly see that which you do not behold.

Courteously yours,

James S. Blake
Potentate.

ATTEST:

Ed. Powell
Recorder.



206 Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass.

Do You Know

Why it is that the more a man gets the more he wants? and that the more he wants the less he usually gets?

Why so many men with the big head wear such small hats? or

Why two-faced men are so common and two-headed girls are so scarce? or

Why the average girl is so ready to trust her heart with a young man whom no self-respecting butcher would trust with a pound of liver? or

Why the fellow who is always ready to make a jack of himself hates so to have somebody else make a monkey of him? or

Why half a man usually considers himself the whole thing? or

Which is the smartest? the man who knows enough to know that he don't know much, or the man who knows enough to look as if he knew everything.

Even if you think you know, don't think loud—you might find it difficult to collect your thoughts subsequently.

ARABIC PHILOSOPHY

A Shriner may think he is duplicated when he is beside himself, but he shouldn't think he is the only pebble when there is a Little Rock in Arkansas, because he may be like Joan of Arc—get killed by too much hot stake.

The fruit we all eat, but hate, is the fruit of our follies. Fruit reminds the Prophet Eve was made for Adam's Express Company, and that Adam was a great sprinter; for he was always first in the race, but Moses did something greater—he slept five in a bed, with himself only, when he slept with his forefathers.

One would never imagine that a chair has dislikes, but it has—when it can't bear us.

Speaking of a chair reminds the Prophet that the most wonderful insect is the Spelling Bee; still that does not make it true that the tallest people are the laziest just because they are the longest in bed, yet they do say that a doctor is the most annoyed when he is out of patients—still weeds are not weeds when they become a widow. If a woman were like an umbrella, one might shut her up.

This may be like our nostrils, cheap, two for a scent, and that the Prophet makes his readers like bicycle wheels—tired. The Prophet can't help it, for he is like a bell and always makes a noise when he is tolled.

A Katib (that's us) is like hogs and trees—he must root for a living.

Knowing that the Katib has that which is better than presence of mind, when accidents occur—absence of body—he closes with the solemn reflection, "That a man is not a man when he is a-shaving"

A Word to the Arab Patrol

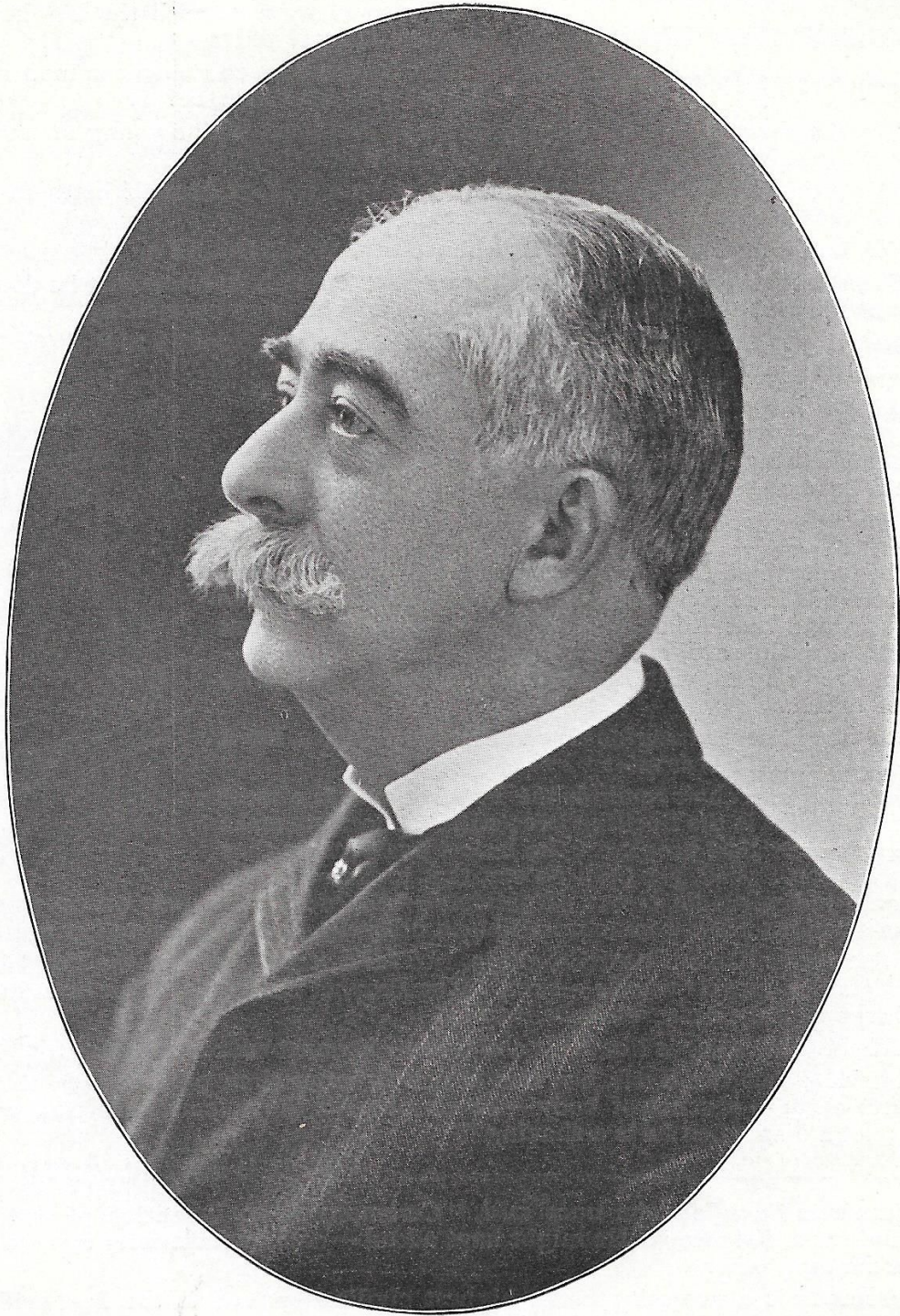
The immortal Sam Johnson once said, "Ceremony is an invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance." He might have added—and to make wise men have more respect for each other.

Ceremony is a necessity to the highest civilization, and is the first evidence of advancement in the savage. All orderly societies use it to convey the pertinent truths they wish to inculcate.

The Shrine goes further than any other society in its requirements of full dress for its Arab Patrol on certain occasions. Such attire bears evidence of the wearer's respect for the organization of which he is a part, and is the highest mark of esteem he can show for the novice, for his officers and his associates.

Genug gesagt!





JAMES S. BLAKE
Potentate

On the Side

The Nobles are again urgently, but politely, solicited to be more prompt in reaching the Banquet Hall after the dinner-bell has rung. Please avoid stopping in the corridors, as heretofore, to engage in long conversations.

In the meantime the oysters are growing old, and the frozen ices and angel cake clammy and unfit for publication. Be a trifle hasty. Don't push, but otherwise persuade those in front to move on. The chicken salad, limburger croquets, broiled partridges and burnished sparrows, boiled ham and eggs, terrapin stew, roast turkeys and real venison lose their pungent, keen taste and relish, and all through your tardiness in getting to the banquet-room. It might accelerate matters somewhat if two or three hundred of the more timid and bashful new members would fill up the corridors and side rooms, so as to be ready when the signal is given to make the grand rush. Try it and see how it will work. Hurry all possible. Besides that, see how much noise you can make when you tumble down stairs, so as to be near the door. This long delay has become very annoying. Move lively, there! Remember, we have warned you. And now, faithful Nobles, finally take these lessons to heart, viz: Have pity for those who think that they know more than you do about it; overlook the weakness of those who don't like you; be patient with the older camels whose gait may be slower, through infirmity and long service, than yours; be not sparing of your brotherly love and kindness and charity; entertain a high opinion of the true merits of others while your own are receiving attention. Finally, keep your temper well in hand, your sandals blacked and your great mind made up as to what you think would benefit Aleppo Temple the most. Then, when February comes, with its demands upon you, unbuckle your belt and let your best judgment have full swing.

To the Nobles Our Potentate has said, "Let our herald blow his horn, We're going to have a 'Seance' as sure as you are born." So calling fancy to my aid, I place my friends in line,
 And scan each anxious visage for that candidate of mine.

I light my pipe in silence, and recall with pride how I
 Made the Pilgrimage to Mecca o'er the desert parched and dry;
 How I scaled the lofty mountain, came flying down the slope,
 Ever strengthened and encouraged by a well worn hempen rope.
 I see again in fancy's vision all the terrors of the way,
 See again the flames of Hades turning night to lurid day;
 Hear the groans of wearied comrades who had lagged too far behind,
 And I feel a kind of pity for that candidate of mine.
 He has to ride a fiery steed to reach the cherished goal,
 He has to brave the burning sands, and horrors manifold;
 He has to cling with death-like grip to rope of twisted twine;
 He has to put his life in pawn, this candidate of mine.
 He has to do a lot of things I cannot mention here,
 He has to prove he's full of nerve, and quite devoid of fear;
 So fill your glasses to the brim, and drink in sparkling wine
 To every Novice who enrolls in the good old Mystic Shrine.

Visiting Nobles are always welcome, but if any one comes who has left his card for 1904 in the pocket of his other coat, it will be the saddest night he ever put in. There is no place for him inside the gate, no part in the ceremonial march, no seat at the triumphal banquet, no blue points raw, no turkey with cranberry sauce, no shrimp salad, and never a drop of zem-zem.

*'Tis his to stand outside the gate,
 There in the wind to watch and wait
 Upon the pavement cold and hard—
 Don't be a clam, then bring your card.*

Think

Tennyson could
sheet of paper, write
make it worth
genius. Vanderbilt
words on a piece of
worth \$5,000,000—
United States can
quarter of gold and
“Eagle Bird” and

that's money. A Mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch
springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. A Merchant can take an article worth
75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a 75c.
hat, but she prefers one at \$27—that's foolishness. A Ditch Digger works
10 hours a day handling tons of earth for \$3—that's labor. Any K.T. or
Scottish Rite Mason can join the Shrine and have the time of his life—
that's common sense.



of This

take a worthless
a poem on it, and
\$65,000—that's
can write a few
paper and make it
that's capital. The
take an ounce and a
stamp upon it an
make it worth \$20—

AN ORIGINAL POEM

Dost know our Potentate?
Like Allah—he is great!
And it won't do to be late

For Caravan!

If you go on knees or hands
You must cross the burning sands;
So give heed to the commands

For Caravan!

Come up with smiling face,
Be prepared to “go the pace”;
Then you'll be in the race

For Caravan!

From a Noble of Rameses Temple.



Be pleased with what you see
Though it's all a mystery—
And never think to flee

From Caravan!

Pay your fare in “toadskins” sound,
For the “Recorder” is around,
And will see you safely bound

For Caravan!

There's a red light on the track for Neophytes!
There's a red light on the track for Neophytes!

There's a red light on the track,

Which they'll see IF THEY GET BACK—

From Caravan!

An Arab Saying

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.
The spoken word, so soon forgot,
Fly thee; yet it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weapest, in vain doth yearn—
Those three will never more return.

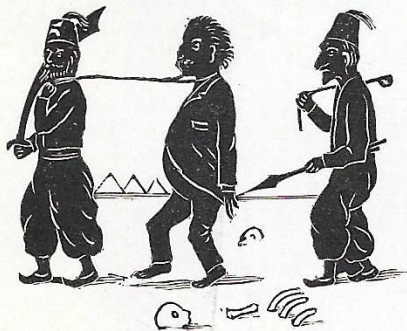


“In Spotless Town there dwelt a crank,
Whose wealth and trust were in a bank,
‘Ha, Ha,’ he said, ‘when I am gone
My heirs will find they can get on.’
But woe! one day the cashier flew,
As angel cashiers sometimes do,
Leaving the crank without a sou.
No such disaster would ensue
If he had been a Shriner TRUE
And spent his ‘mun’ as Shriners do.”

The Arab Patrol

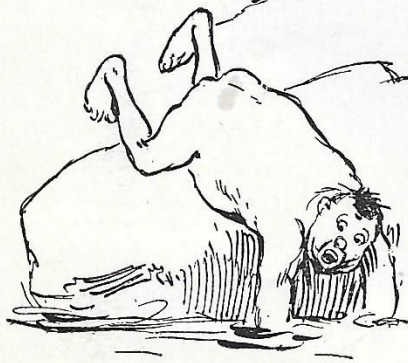
Under the leadership of Capt. Higgins

Will attend to the execution of all the freaks of imagination of our Director, and Cap. says he will carry out every command.



You can see a hot finish ; a run for their money and a run to get away from their money's worth, which reads like an Irish joke, but is nevertheless true and trite.

Is Not Worth While to Mention



At last I've arrived at the Mystic Shrine,
Which has always been my intention.
But what happened to me in getting there
Is not worth while to mention.

They took me up into a great big room
With a great deal of circumvention.
How I went through the air and hit the floor
Is not worth while to mention.

They filled me up with a lot of "con" talk,
To the limit of my distention ;
But all I remember of what they said
Is not worth while to mention.

They gave me a ride on the milky way,
A way that's a great invention ;
But all that was left of the seat of my pants
Is not worth while to mention.

While doing my stunts, two Nobles I saw
Engaged in a wicked contention ;
The pain that I felt on seeing that row
Is not worth while to mention.

Then they insisted that I make a speech
To the Nobles of that convention.
I started to speak, but all that I said
Is not worth while to mention.

How I got through as well as I did
Is beyond my comprehension ;
For the part of me which was not bruised
Is not worth while to mention.





BENJAMIN W. ROWELL
Recorder



Lost in the Shuffle



THE following Nobles we can't find any more; they went away one summer's day, and we cannot tell 'em what's going on any more. (With apologies to the last banquet).

Their addresses will be appreciated by the Recorder.

"Let him who knows speak."

Koran: Surah II: 19.



Charles H. Black, No. 279
Michael Crowley, No. 429
Frank S. Davis, No. 796
Thomas H. Kimball, No. 1583
Alonzo Kean, No. 3667
Edgar B. Searles, No. 2559
Arthur A. Sibley, No. 3063
Ninian B. Scott, No. 3870
John Y. Wiggin, No. 2772
Marcus Wight, No. 2915



NOTICE

Willard F. Dunbar, No. 810, was suspended from Aleppo Temple in 1903. Do not confound this name with Willard H. Dunbar, No. 724, of 46 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., for he is in good standing.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Nobles are notified that at the last session of Aleppo Temple Life Membership was established. Any Noble who is square upon the books, may, upon the payment of \$40.00, be constituted a Life Member, exempting for life from all dues and assessments. The following named Nobles, having paid the requisite fee, have been constituted life members.



Benjamin W. Rowell
Walter W. Morrison
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
Albert Bernard
John N. Barber
Adolph S. Lundin

"Go thou and do likewise"



Official Diban, 1904

James S. Blake, 33°, <i>Potentate</i> ,	Brookline
Charles C. Henry, 32°, <i>Chief Rabban</i> ,	Wellesley Hills
Everett C. Benton, 33°, <i>Asst. Rabban</i> ,	Belmont
Caleb Saunders, 32°, <i>High Priest & Prophet</i>	Lawrence
Charles A. Estey, 32°, <i>Oriental Guide</i> ,	East Boston
Joseph W. Work, 33°, <i>Treasurer</i> ,	Newton
Benjamin W. Rowell, 33°, <i>Recorder</i> ,	Lynn
George A. Shackford, 32°, <i>1st Cer. Master</i> ,	Reading
Walter W. Morrison, 32°, <i>2d Cer. Master</i> ,	Boston
Charles H. Porter, 32°, <i>Director</i> ,	Roxbury
George S. Carpenter, 33°, <i>Marshal</i> ,	Boston
William H. Puffer, 32°, <i>Alchemist</i> ,	Milton

Trustees of Funds

Albert L. Richardson, 33°, 3 years,	Boston
Edward H. Wise, 32°, 2 years,	Roxbury
J. Harvey Young, 33°, 1 year,	Boston

Auditors

George H. Allen, 33°,	Lynn
Augustus C. Jordan, 32°,	West Roxbury
Alfred H. Hartley, 32°,	Fall River

For Representatives to the Imperial Council

Benjamin W. Rowell, 33°,	Lynn
James S. Blake, 33°,	Brookline
Charles H. Porter, 32°,	Roxbury
Caleb Saunders, 32°,	Lawrence

Arab Patrol

Captain, Thomas P. Higgins, 32°, Boston

Lieutenant, George W. Knowlton

Clarendon B. Holman	William J. Quennell
William E. Patenaude	Jesse A. Viles
William L. Devitt	John J. Barry
Everett G. Priest	Clarence H. Knowlton
C. Harold Porter	Daniel B. H. Powers
William S. Atwell	Ralph C. Gowdy
Thomas W. Ferguson	James Downs
George Bleiler	William A. Usher
Conrad J. Gerlach	Gilbert M. Reilly
C. F. P. Burchmore	Charles H. McGarvey
James D. Robertson	Benjamin H. Davidson
Manahasset H. Spear	

Captain of Guards, Samuel A. Walker, 32°, Newton

Outer Guard, Charles A. Badger, Boston

